Tuesday Lewman

“Heaven” – is what I cannot reach!

"Heaven"—is what I cannot reach!

The Apple on the Tree—

Provided it do hopeless—hang—

That—"He aven" is—to Me!

The Color, on the Cruising Cloud—

The interdicted Land—

Behind the Hill—the House behind—

There—Paradise—is found!

Her teasing Purples—Afternoons—

The credulous—decoy—

Enamored—of the Conjuror—

That spurned us—Yesterday!

Poem by Emily Dickinson

“At the grocery store, you learn to just tune out everything important. You start to focus on weird shit, like the way that the conveyer belt orbits, and you start to think about everything but where you are. Being honest, the only reason I work when I don’t have to is for entertainment. Why pay $7 to see Men in Black or Titanic or some shit when I could see better characters here at Ralphs and get paid to interact with them? It’s funny, cuz shoppers here really only come to satisfy like, intrinsic needs like means of survival. Yet I sit at my register on my stool and just play kid games. Each bag of Oreos I scan marks only a blip in my timeline, a few pennies in my savings account, but what really makes me think, more than entering produce codes or anything, is who the people behind the shopping carts are. So I play games in my head. No rules. Just observation. For each person I see, I try and figure out their life story and why they might be buying a value pack of cornbread muffins or a single frozen appetizer. To tell you the honest to God truth, I’m pretty damn good at it too. I’ve only lost once.

You see, when you work at a supermarket, everything is measurable. You know your shift is almost over when kids rush in buying Red Bulls so they can pull all-nighters or Rancho Santa Fe moms weigh down their hand baskets with bottles of Sauvignon Blanc. Every day at 4:30, 94.9 FM would play “Candle in the Wind”, which marks a shit ton of regulars coming in to get dinner. Average Joe in carpenter jeans buying Hamburger Helper, Botox spokeswoman with a fraudulent Louis Vuitton bag buying a case of POM Wonderful, the usual. There wasn’t much to figure out, but the first time anything really interesting happened was in December of last year.

One day, I think a Thursday at 7:30 on my Casio watch, my checkout line filled with four guys, each wearing navy or light grey sweats. At first, they kind of looked like the douches at school who refuse to wear anything but Everlast, except they were all really scrawny and clearly didn’t wrestle and stick to an exclusive diet of red meat. The belt pushed 12 frozen barbeque pizzas, extra strength plant fertilizer, Tide laundry detergent, and three bunches of bananas toward me. Lots of things struck me as weird. Number 1. Why were these 4 guys wearing the same outfit? Number 2. Did they live together? Number 3. One of them had a really feminine face, which was really weird cuz I thought they were all dudes. Number 4. Why the fuck did they all have the same haircut?

Surprisingly, our interaction wasn’t as weird as they were. They smiled, I smiled, I made an insincere comment about the weather, and they made a more sincere one in response, a typical Hal-and-customer experience. Once I had half-heartedly helped them shove their purchases into a Ralphs bag, I stared at them all the way into the lot. 45 minutes later, when my wristwatch alarm dinged, my turquoise ’92 Honda Prelude coasted home and I got the rush of freedom all minimum wage workers do when their day is done. I’d never felt *that* way before though, like even though I was free and it was warm outside and you could see the stars super good, something was really weighing me down. They were impossible to figure out. It made me nuts, because like I said before, I never lose this game.

Aside from the weird ass sweatpant people I’d seen at work, the rest of the day was pretty normal. When I got home, I still had to do my chemistry homework. Somehow, my mom had convinced me that I was a science prodigy, and that I should register for AP Chemistry, so basically everyday after work you can bet that I’d be up way too late working on that. The only reason I remember this specific homework assignment from months ago though, is because at the time we were learning all about alcohol and pH and lethal effects and that kind of stuff. Which was for sure interesting, but really kicked my ass. Anyways, eventually I finished and went to bed and went to school the next day and the next after that and kept going to Ralphs after school and it kind of just became like a cycle of life in my own little universe.

This whole period of a few months, like December until a few days ago, was kind of a blur. The only trippy shit that happened was that the 4 guys I’d originally seen in the same sweats came back, and later others who wore identical outfits came too. It was really hard to tell them apart because they all had the same haircut and same outfit and same demeanor. It was weirdest though, cuz I felt like an alien to them. I felt so strange having conversations with them, like I was probing them because they were so different. Which I technically guess I was. It was like they were from another planet. They were really nice, but the inflection in their voices was weird. I didn’t really think that much of it until a few weeks ago, though. They never really bought anything out of the ordinary until a few weeks ago either. Like, it was just a few dudes stocking up on patio furniture cleaner, bleach, bread, apples, like nothing weird or anything, I mean as far as I was concerned.

Anyways, I kinda got over the weirdness and just figured they were new in town or something. They were kinda cool actually, in a way I mean. I was telling my friend Craig about these androgynous people in matching sweats I saw at work, and he planted this weird idea in my brain though. He said that one time while he was doing research on cults and Jonestown for his junior theory paper, he started seeing if there were any cults closer to home than Guyana. His dad said the scientologists, but Craig said he didn’t give a fuck about Tom Cruise and that it wasn’t really a cult, more like a phony club. Right when he thought that the scientologists were gonna have to cut it though, he stumbled across one, located right here in Rancho Santa Fe. I told him to quit fucking around with me ya know, cuz that kind of stuff gives me the creeps. I thought he was lying through his teeth, I really did. I mean honestly, why would a cult wanna be here under the sun and palm trees and surrounded by country clubs and tennis courts? I mean really, I can’t even answer that question. I really did think he was just trying to mess with me, cuz I mean that what we always do together, just mess around like kids.

But one day he invited me to his huge ass house in the west hills and opened his PowerBook right up to the website of that freaky cult. The screen flashed ‘RED ALERT’. I honestly thought I was gonna piss my pants. With my own two eyes on the goddamn screen, I almost spit out my Arnold Palmer. He was right. But immediately I told him that we were just being kids, ya know, like there was no way in hell that that could be real, #1, and #2, that obviously brainwashed people wouldn’t just go in and buy lawn fertilizer and WonderBread at Ralphs, it just wasn’t real. It couldn’t be…

But it was. It was so real, too real, realer than anything I’d ever encountered before that point. We read everything on that site. We clicked on every link and scanned every nook and cranny. The cult was called Heaven’s Gate, I guess cause they wanted to get into Heaven really bad. And it was started by some bald guy named Do and his lady friend, Ti. Basically, they thought that they were the next messiahs and that they were meant to lead their group to the “level above human”. Ti, the lady, had died of cancer, and so the cult wanted nothing more than to be reunited with her in the Next Level. They honest to god thought that they had been born into strange bodies but they were meant to transcend into the Next Level by exiting their “vehicles”. They thought that somehow or another that Hale-Bopp, the comet, was gonna pick them up and take them to somewhere better than Heaven, the Evolutionary Level Above Human. Craig and I couldn’t even fathom this information. We really, truly didn’t think it could be real. The same people I saw each week weren’t just socially awkward, but fuckin’ nuts! Brainwashed, I mean honestly! Craig and I looked through the site more and more and became obsessed over every little detail. It got so late into the night that we just started to laugh. People in the cult were named Chkody, Glnody, and Srrody. And I think my name is weird! People always say Hal is kind of a weird name when they hear it, but damn, if only they would hear these people’s names. Craig was only laughing with me I think though because I was scared as all hell. My laughter was helping me block out the thoughts about these people that kept creeping up on me.

By the time I left Craig’s around 2 a.m., I did the only thing I thought I could- I dropped the thought. I was pretty happy, cuz I dropped the thought for longer than I thought I could. For like 2 or 3 months, from I think December to early March, I changed my shifts at work. I thought that not seeing them would make me forget, and I was right. I wasn’t forced to see their creepy haircuts or think about their brainwashing practices anymore. I had lots going on at school too, and then Biggie died and you know, just life kind of got in the way of me thinking a lot about things beside myself.

Anyways, everything was just kind of blurring past me, and I would sometimes take extra shifts to make a little extra money to buy the new Air Max’s or get my car fixed up or something. And that’s when I saw them again. Trying to do myself a favor and earn a little extra cash ended up being one of the worst decisions I ever made. I ended up having to swift back to my old shifts at work, and bad enough, it meant seeing them again. It was clear that each time they came grocery shopping, once a week, was at the exact same time. I mean a lot of people are regulars, but this was really regular, like hardcore regulars, like pinpoint on the dot regulars. I told Craig this, that they would come at the same time each week, and buy pretty much the same things, and he told me that obsessive tendencies with time and schedule keeping were frequent in cults. Like always though, I didn’t give his word much serious thought for a while.

I tried my hardest in school, and to stay away from letting my brain think about the cult, but it was a lot harder than I thought it would have been. At this point, maybe early February, I became really really fascinated with these weird people. The weirdest part was, aside from the fact that they were just *weird* was that I felt this really close connection with them. I never said much anything to them except hellos and ‘how’re you doings’ and ‘are you enjoying today, Sir?’ and shit like that, but I couldn’t help but think about them all the time.

Anyways, Craig came over one day and were s’posta be working on this chemistry project with alcohol fermentation and testing pH and all this stuff but as usual, we got really sidetracked. We ended up doing like hours of research on the people again, you know, like the cult. We found out more than before, like that they thought that the Next Level was filled with alien looking people. Not just aliens, but androgynous aliens who left their human bodies back on planet earth. Batshit, right? I honestly couldn’t believe it. Just when I thought I had found the strangest group of people possible, I found out what strange really meant.

For weeks we were just living totally infatuated with these strangers. But it was so weird because our brief encounters with them made them really feel so far away. Their website mentioned how they wanted to recruit new members, and Craig kept kidding around and telling me to join. I told him to fuck off, you know, like that kind of shit genuinely scared me, but he wouldn’t stop.

Basically, obsessing over the idea of these people who we only really knew the idea of was bad. Becoming so interested in someone else’s world and not being able to be on the inside, be a part of it, that’s just straight up scary. I mean, not that I would ever wanna have joined the cult, that’s not what I’m saying. I guess what I really mean is that I started to care about these people, like ants in one of those homemade ant farm kits you get. I was watching them, their whole colony, you know, and I continuously tracked them and how they were, but really, I didn’t understand them at all. Because they were taking up so much of my time though, I just stopped looking them up with Craig, stopped trying to close and reopen my register for them and them only, everything. I just didn’t want to see brainwashing of these people with my own two eyes and be so involved with it, you know? But look how far that got me I guess. Anyways, at this point, it was the beginning of March. I was feeling okay about school, senior year you know, the big deal. It’s all becoming real. Mom and Dad told me if I studied hard, they’d get me the used BMW I’d been eying, so I really just went to school, Ralphs, and back home to restart the cycle each day. I hadn’t been seeing the creepy cult or whatever, and I finally stopped getting super bad migraines. Craig and I even got an A- on our chem project, the one on alcohol and stuff. So things were looking up. And Dad had just brought home this huge telescope home from work, as like a sample or something since he manages all of this foreign manufacturing stuff from Asia and they sent it to him. And since Hale-Bopp was visible really really clearly from our back porch, we got a lot of father-son bonding I guess. Anyways, life was kind of back to normal and good.

Just as all the shit in my life was aligning just how I wanted it and I felt pretty good about it, you know, I saw them two more times. The first time was last week. They were buying what they always did: average priced cuts of meat, white bread, laundry soap. It was weird to see them, but I really didn’t think anything of it. They gotta eat, right? Since they kept switching their “schedule” and coming in at different times, I told Craig to go straight to hell with his corny ass “cult” regime bullshit. I explained to him that life was finally getting good for me, and I didn’t wanna blow my chances and ruin it by getting all invested in following a cult that didn’t matter and was probably a fraud anyways. ‘The people at the grocery store aren’t in your fucking cult you dipshit’, I’d told him. And that was kind of just that.

I didn’t really take them coming into the store again as a weird sign. I mean, everybody’s gotta eat right? Anyways, like 5 days ago I see them in here again. This time though, they all had on black sweats instead of grey and blue like always. It was kind of weird, but hey, then again they were the weirdest people I’d ever seen so I didn’t let it throw me off. The weird part though wasn’t even their sudden change in outfits. Their purchases though were really different. 4 bottles of Grey Goose. Four! Jesus Christ Almighty, I mean damn! And ten multipacks of vanilla pudding! My mom wouldn’t even let me get that much after I got my fuckin’ wisdom teeth out! And they got applesauce too! At the time, I was just thinking ‘what the hell are they trynna do? Get wasted and eat baby food? Not my type of fun but hey, I’m not one to judge’. But it got weirder when they weren’t just trying to buy booze and baby food, but drugs. When they came to check out, they had a small Ralphs bag from the pharmacy. Drugs and alcohol seemed like a weird combination with pudding and applesauce, dontcha think? Like I said before though, it’s hard to question weird actions of even weirder people.

I went home after my shift and had a hell of a laugh to myself, I mean what where these weirdos gonna do? Throw a rager? I laughed myself all the way to sleep that night. In the morning though, the thought that I laughed off crept in my mind again. What if Craig’s whole cult bullshit had been real all along? He had mentioned something about how the cult thought suicide was the only way to reaching ‘the Kingdom above human’ or something along those lines. It really bothered me. For two more days, it bothered me so much that I couldn’t eat. Mom would make leek soup and all I could see was ten packs of vanilla SnackPacks coming closer and closer to me on the conveyer belt. Each time I got up in the middle of the night and got a glass of water, all I could think of Grey Goose flowing freely from the giant bottles and into the bodies of the sweatpant wearing freaks. I used up all my sick days at work. I was spinnin’ off the rails again, but worse than before.

One night when I was going to sleep though, I was staring up at my ceiling. I was really restless, maybe from Mountain Dew, maybe from adrenaline or stress, I don’t know. I was looking at those glow in the dark stars you know? Like the ones kids have on their ceiling? I kept mine and every night I’d fall asleep just looking at them. Like everything else, the alignment of the constellations reminded me how queasy I felt about those freaks. I’d avoided them at work, and yet even in the privacy of my own god damn home they wouldn’t let my brain rest. They kept flickering into my thoughts. I just couldn’t let it go. Why in God’s name would they need that? It was like watching a puppy get ahold of a Hershey bar or something, you know? Like, it just didn’t feel right watching.

So this Wednesday, I woke up and I was watching The Weird Al Show like always. Just eating my Fruity Pebbles not bothering anybody but myself. I was trying to listen to Weird Al drop some stupid bars but my stupid thoughts were louder. I caved in. Well, I guess caved in is kind of a bad phrase. That makes me sound like a shitty person if you really do print this story for the whole United States to see. I guess calling the cops wasn’t really “caving in” but more trusting my instincts. So yeah, I called the police. Usually I’m not the type of guy to pull that kind of shit. Like any kid, I’ve had my fair share of run ins and never wanna swerve in anybody’s business. But this time, I felt like I was in trouble. It scared the living hell out of me. My thoughts were dark about the cult. In English class, Mrs. H made us choose a poet and do this big project on them. I chose Emily Dickinson. When I was holding the phone, this one line kept popping into my head- “’heaven’- is what I cannot reach!”. I felt like if I didn’t dial 911 I’d be on the lowest level below human. I had to help Heaven’s Gate, I had to reach them. And if I didn’t call, I’d end up like Emily Dickinson. And honest to God, who wants to end up like Emily Dickinson? So I dialed. Oh yeah, and I forgot to mention that the Santa Fe Police Department’s best cop is my uncle Don. So anyways, I finally called up Uncle Don and told him what I’d been seeing and that I was real scared and everything.

What I heard from him surprised me. He said that he’d heard some weird stuff about some group of weirdos in matching outfits. A bunch of guys living together that always wanna wear the same outfit is weird to anyone I guess. He’d heard concerns from neighbors about how the new group of heebie-jeebies on the block might need some supervising.

Obviously, the descriptions that I gave him and the ones he’d gathered matched up pretty well. We drove along Paseo Arbolado and onto Colina Norte. 18241. When we pull up, everything is quiet. Everything is nice. Rancho Santa Fe in a nutshell, you know? Nothing seemed weird at all. I felt really stupid right then, for being such a jackass who fell for his jackass friend’s joke about a cult a few neighborhoods away. Uncle Don knew his way about investigating like a chef knows his kitchen though. Every square inch was his territory, and he was serious about even the smallest case. At first, he knocked. No response led him to get out his picks and whistles to open the door without smashing the expensive glass.

When we walked right in though, I had a terrible feeling. I didn’t think in this moment that I was so wrong after all. My bad feeling was for a bad reason. As we walked through nervously, not even a mouse could be heard. Dead silent. Literally. And it smelled like a funeral parlor minus the wax. It smelled like death and dead people and dead bodies. I felt queasier than the first time I’d seen the strange guys. The smell of dead people was stronger than the sickness in my stomach, I honestly felt like I may as well have dropped dead from the stench. I don’t remember exactly, but I’m pretty sure I doubled over and dry vomited. That’s when Uncle Don called for backup. We had waited to look any further until all of them showed up, so before they got there, we just looked around without going upstairs or anything. We noticed that all over the house, there were computer screens with pictures from the cult’s website. The same website that Craig and I had seen. Pictures of aliens. Within probably 15 minutes or so, the rest of the police force showed up. Tons of them just swarming around the mansion like ants on a picnic blanket. We kept walking until we reached the staircase, and my heart almost dropped out of my shoes and ran out the door. The first room on the right had 8 bunk beds. Each one of them held a body. The next room, the same thing. The next door on the left, same thing. All wearing the same clothes. They each had on a pair of black and white Nikes, the same ones I’d asked for for Christmas but never had found under our fake tinsel tree. Black sweats, black long-sleeve shirts, and patches on the left sleeves, stitched with “Heaven’s Gate Away Team” on them. Little purple blankets covered their faces. At the ends of their beds, they each had little bags filled with books and clothes and toothbrushes and stuff to bring with them to the Next Level. I’d never been so fucking scared in my life. I wanted to shrivel up and float away, but Uncle Don just kept his hand rested on my shoulder. We walked outside together, and funny enough, it was really pleasant for a few seconds, when the nice warm air made us forget what was really happening.

Soon though, the San Diego County coroner was running up the stairs so he could go inside and videotape the scene, and every neighbor was hollering at Uncle Don and I, asking us all these questions. A helicopter filled with weird police guys hopping out almost before the damn thing touched the ground. And every news channel in town sent a van and all of their best reporters, which I guess is why you came, Mr. Whitlock. Everything was kind of just hazy, with all these ants around me, swarming and asking me all these questions. You know, you’re the first one I even opened my damn mouth to, so you should be happy, haha. Anyways, Uncle Donny left me outside, because he had to go help the coroner in the house and watch the investigation carry out.

Outside, sitting at the edge of the back porch, with everyone around me, I just sat in quiet. Not peace, but quiet, until my uncle came back about two hours later to give me the details. He said that they’d found like 20 white trashbags in garbages all over the house. In the bathroom upstairs, they’d found phenobarbital, and in the kitchen they’d found empty bottles of Grey Goose. When he told me this, I threw up, but for real this time. He said that they thought the trash bags were used to suffocate themselves after getting drunk and drugged. The whole police team knew right away that they were dealing with a huge suicide, not murder or anything like that. My uncle also told me that the investigators found that out of 39 victims, 21 were women, which was hard for them to tell because of the androgynous haircuts. I don’t really remember anything after that. I passed out and woke up at home, and now I’m here with you.

To say the least I guess though, it took a while for everything to settle in. Actually, I take that back. None of it has settled in yet, I mean I guess it’s only been like 4 hours. What time is it right now, 8:00? Then yeah, like 4 hours. And honest to God, this is never gonna sink in. I don’t know how to unsee, you know? Like what’s really getting me is how they didn’t even know me, or probably think about me ever, and yet I’m never gonna be able to get their image out of my brain. Ever.”

The tape recorder clicked off and Mr. Whitlock shook my hand discerningly. He gripped his napkin with white knuckles and placed it on top of his full bowl. For a minute, he just watched it sink into the hazy green sauce that he never even pretended to touch. His look didn’t scream NBC Reporter, but sad man at Andersen’s eating with a sad boy. Under the fluorescent lighting, he slid from one end of his booth cushion near the window to the edge.

Scrutiny turned his wide eyes into crinkled raisins.

He asked me “Are you sure you’re okay Hal?”

I looked down at my split pea soup, trying to find a reflection. All I saw was green, the color of my stomach, of my face, of the little green aliens in my brain, of everything terrible my own two eyes had seen in the last day.

“Yeah”.

Attribution of Research

Source #1:

Balch, Robert W. "Heaven's Gate." *Encyclopedia of Religion*. Ed. Lindsay Jones.

2nd ed. Vol. 6. Detroit: Macmillan Reference USA, 2005. 3889-3892. *Gale*

*Virtual Reference Library*. Web. 30 Jan. 2015. <http://go.galegroup.com/

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i.do?id=GALE%7CCX3424501317&v=2.1&u=lake72770&it=r&p=GPS&sw=w

&asid=abe48aa6cbf3bb829880556534e8844e>.

1. Hal mentions that Heaven’s Gate is led by a man named Do

2. Hal also mentions that Ti, a woman, helped lead the cult

3. Members of the cult are trying to join the Next Level, as Hal mentioned

4. Hal says how he found out that the cult wanted to exit their “vehicles” to reach the next level

5. The “Level Above Human” is referred to, meant as Heaven

6. Purple shrouds were found covering bodies

7. The cult’s mansion had 7 bedrooms

8. Bodies were found throughout 7 bedrooms in bunk beds

9. All were wearing matching black “graduation” outfits

Source #2:

*Billboard*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"17 Years Ago, Elton John's 'Candle

In the Wind 1997' Started Its 14-Week No. 1 Run." *Billboard*.

N.p., n.d. Web. 18 Mar. 2015.>

10. In 1997, Elton John’s Candle in the Wind was #1 on Billboard for 14 weeks straight, making it plausible that it would have been heard on the radio

Source #3:

*Biography*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"Biggie Smalls- Biography."

Bio.com. A&E Networks Television, n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015.>

11. Biggie Smalls was killed on March 9th, 1997, and as a rap icon it makes sense that Hal, a teenager, would have mourned his death

Source #4:

Chkody. "Earth Exit Statement by Chkody." *Earth Exit Statement by Chkody*. N.p.,

n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.heavensgate.com/misc/

exitchk.htm>.

12. A member of Heaven’s Gate was named Chkody

Source #5:

*Heaven's Gate*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"Earth Exit Statements by

Students." *Earth Exit Statements by Students*. N.p., n.d. Web.

31 Mar. 2015.>

13. A member of Heaven’s Gate is named Glnody

14. A member of Heaven’s Gate is named Srrody

Source #6:

"The Heaven's Gate Cult." *Death Mansion — — Crime Library*. N.p., n.d. Web. 13

Feb. 2015. <http://www.crimelibrary.com/notorious\_murders/mass/

heavens\_gate/4.html>.

15. Heaven’s Gate cult was located from 1996 to 1997 in Rancho Santa Fe, California

16. The cult was situated at 18241 Colina Norte Rd.

17. The mansion that the cult lived in and operated out of was rented, not owned

18. The smell of dead, rotting bodies was clear according to investigators

19. The initial police called for backup quickly

20. 39 victims

21. 21 female victims

22. 18 male victims

23. When the suicide was discovered, computer screens around the house were found with the Heaven’s Gate website open, displaying images of aliens and a flashing ‘Red Alert’

24. Every cult member had a patch on their left sleeve that said “Heaven’s Gate Away Team”

25. Members packed bags with notebooks and toiletries to bring with them to the Next Level

26. The preparatory bags filled with notebooks and toiletries were placed at the foot of each member’s bed

27. Each member was found with $5.75 in their pocket as a toll fee for entering the spaceship

28. Each cult member was wearing an identical pair of black and white Nike tennis shoes

29. It was soon realized that the deaths were peaceful and voluntary

30. The San Diego County coroner went from room to room, videotaping the crime scene

31. 20 white trash bags, used to help suffocate members in assisted suicide, were found in various trash cans throughout the house.

32. All member’s have identical, androgynous haircuts

Source #7:

*IMDb*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"Most Popular Feature Films Released

1990 to 1999." *IMDb*. IMDb.com, n.d. Web. 2 Mar. 2015.>

33. Men in Black and Titanic were on the list of 1997’s top 100 most popular movies, which makes sense, as Hal mentions their popularity

Source #8:

*MDb*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"Most Popular TV Series Released in

1997." *IMDb*. IMDb.com, n.d. Web. 31 Mar. 2015.>

34. Hal mentions watching the Weird Al Show, which was ranked among the top 100 most popular shows of 1997

Source #9:

*Ralphs*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"Change Preferred

{{storeLocatorText}}." *Ralphs*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar.

2015.>

35. Ralphs is a California grocery chain. The nearest store to Rancho Santa Fe is located around 5 miles away in Encinitas, Ca.

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*Billboard*. N.p., n.d. Web. 30 Mar. 2015. <"17 Years Ago, Elton John's 'Candle In the Wind 1997' Started Its 14-Week No. 1 Run." *Billboard*. N.p., n.d. Web. 18 Mar. 2015.>

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Extraterrestrial Biblical Hermeneutics and the Making of Heaven's GateBenjamin E. ZellerNova Religio: The Journal of Alternative and Emergent ReligionsVol. 14, No. 2 (November 2010) (pp. 34-60) <http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.1525/nr.2010.14.2.34>.

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